

# Seasonal Silver

Summer  
1985

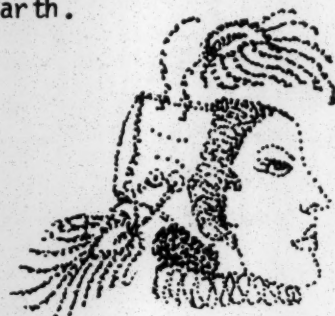
Volume 1  
Number 2



The purpose of this magazine/newsletter is to express a love of Nature and a basically Humanitarian point of view. That whatever our beliefs, our gender, our color, our sexual preference, or whatever makes us unique individual human beings, we CAN get along and love each other. And we CAN love and respect Her: our Mother, the Earth.



This is a seasonal/quarterly magazine/newsletter. Staff includes Donna Lyon Rhose, Ariadana, Geoffrey Pfaff, Crystal Dracun, PM, Jaime Redwing, M. Carroll, Miguel, Gil Wyndel, and Arion. With special thanks to Gary.



## THE REFLECTIVE WOODS

\*\*\*EDITORIAL\*\*\*

WHAT IS Secular Humanism? Not long ago, Cobb County banned the discussion of several topics in its school system. Is there a law that allows schools to ban any subject in the classroom that comes under the heading of Secular Humanism? I have heard this and fear it may be so--especially if unopposed. Though I would oppose someone's trying to impose their values or morals on others (I recall way too much of that when I went to school)--totally turning away from the discussion of sensitive subjects is not a good sign--for it, too, is an imposing of values and morals, showing a bias and fear.

School was a very odd time for me--I was a punctual, responsible sort of child, but I was also very observant and, fortunately for me, did not necessarily accept or believe all that my teachers tried to instill in me. I came from a difficult background for the system to pigeonhole me into. That, too, has proved a blessing and allowed me to note that others were being guided into certain roles. However, this was something hardly questioned or outlawed as the discussion of subjects appears it can be. I got tired of it being assumed I would marry--or that marriage was some ultimate goal I had to achieve. Or that I really should not consider a career or be able to drive an automobile effectively. These were subtle things, but they were 'said', and no one seemed to object. The saddest thing I recall was an academic accident--and it made me see something very clearly. In highschool, I was, for the most part, in excellerated classes--and knew it. Which is all very lovely if you are in one and the teachers love to tell your class how your class are the most intelligent students in the school. Because I wished to take certain classes, I ended up having to take what was deemed a 'lesser' class. And, though I realized that there were various levels and that all the students were quite aware of these levels--it had never sunk in before how some of it was acutally handled. These students were often reminded that they were stupid. They were given very obvious and insulting busy-work to do. I didn't do very well in the class myself--I refused to do the busy-work. I also noted that the children were not necessarily less intelligent at all--but they did come from factory worker families. It has always pleased me to note that some of these children grew up to lead very productive and upwardly mobile lives--it is a credit to their will, but hardly one to what had been mapped out for them.

So what does banning certain subjects do? It, too, is a subtle message--a message that these subjects are wrong, somehow, and that a child with a questing mind will not be answered. Beware, children, don't miss these facts--and they can learn to be very distrustful, as I did. Or it can instill shame or fear where there ought not be any. I believe even religion can be discussed as long as it is 'discuss-



ed'. We really don't seem to understand the difference between discussion and an enforcement of beliefs or morals. Humanity in general seems to fear new ideas and open minds--and we seem to take deliberate care to see that our children will do the same.

*Anna Lyon Rhoads*

\*\*\*CABLE POSSIBILITIES\*\*\*

I would like to suggest to my readers in and around Atlanta to check into Prime Cable of Atlanta. They have an office on West Peachtree between 10th and 11th Streets. I am led to understand it is not difficult to get involved as far as learning to operate the cameras, etc. And if you can eventually prove your adeptness and have an inclination, you can apply and quite possibly get funded for projects. Though I would love to find out more myself, my schedule at this time does not permit it. However, I would like to hear from anyone who does venture into it with the hopes I can eventually pursue this as well.

Would anyone in the Atlanta area be interested in forming a small group to work on outer court mystery plays? If so, either write to Seasonal Silver or call 457-6468 and leave your name and number.

\*\*\*\*\*

AND WHO are the Executive Committee Review or Executive Intelligence Review? Since they have tried to cause some problems (fortunately, without success at this time) in the Atlanta esoteric community--I would like to know more. Are they any sort of serious problem or merely an occasional annoyance? However, I would also like to establish an awareness of their existence as well as a local Atlanta group called Congress for Equality, who has worked in concert with the Review. The only thing I do know is the Review is not local or of the state of Georgia.



HINTS FROM HEWESCLIFF



\*\*FIRE\*\*

I had a nasty lesson with fire and wind not too long ago--fortunately we were able to make a fire-break by raking back the leaves in a circle around it. Trying to throw water on it at first does no good and if smoke gets at you, one must try to rake where one can until one can get to that part. If you know where a stream or such is and you can't encircle, try to direct it towards the water. If the fire gets in grass or goes to the tops of trees--call the fire department. If you can encircle it and get it controlled, then start to water it down to finish it out. I had a very frightening lesson and was fortunate (though I inhaled a lot of smoke). I enjoy fire--but my respect for it has gone up a hundred-fold.

\*\*\*\*FIRST AIDE FOR TREES\*\*\*\*

If a tree has been damaged by such things as lightening, the necessity to cut a large limb or such, you can keep bugs out and prevent loss of sap and strength by patching it. Now you have a use for the oil you've changed in your car--old oil does have its uses--it's good to keep a little around. After cleaning the 'wound' with a knife by cutting away loose bark, take the old oil and brush it on soaking it good. After this has dried some, take tar or paint to seal it. Believe me, you will feel the tree sigh with relief.

\*\*\*GARDENS\*\*\*

If you plant beans intermittantly with corn in the row, the corn stalk provides a place for the beans to run up.

NIGHTWALK

I heard the whippoorwill  
in the cool, open stillness  
as I lay dozing lightly  
near a large, screened  
window.

In the darkness  
Fireflies twinkled  
their lights-  
My eyes blinked-  
Slowly, almost laborously,  
trying to follow their  
impossible courses.

My mind lulled;  
I felt a sparkling along  
the surface of my skin  
like hundreds of tiny stars.

I floated into the night's  
wide and wild rhythm,  
touching the leaves on  
the high branches of oaks.

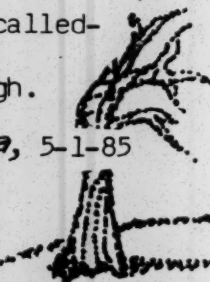
Again-  
The whippoorwill called;  
and my mind moved  
into strange dreams of  
the night's unfettered  
beauty.

The spirit of the Lady  
overcast the eyes  
of the fox and dove-  
and I wandered far.

Deep into Her chambers  
I found myriads of  
silver keys-  
I would return to unlock  
Her limitless doors.

But the whippoorwill called-  
and I knew for now  
I had grasped enough.

Dohha, 5-1-85



Jeffrey A. P.H. 81



# Traditions

Lammas by Ariadana

Lughnasa, make known its dues,  
In each distant year: Tasting every famous fruit,  
Food of herbs at Lughnasa,  
Lughnasa Day! The day all fruits ripen.

(MacNeill)

Late summer enfolds the land and scents of hot earth muskily veil sleeping trees and grasses. Vines and stems bend under the fruit of their labors. Meademonath (July), the time of gathering honey for meade, trickles golden into Weedmonath (August) and Harvest of the First Fruits.

Our British ancestors had the first fruit--test the in a poor harvest. This were lean as winter

Thru the heat, summer, people looked Fruits (Lughnasa), Thanksgiving (Mabon), full larders at Harvest all was stored and smells of drying herbs fillment after hard

The morning of Lamas, Chief (father, priest) lifted the plant over east to west, chanted tility. Blessing it, he it into cakes. A cake was rest were passed to the people

People went to the hills to and stringing them, wore them were made into a soup and passed around in circle with a blessing. A large rich cake was shared to encourage fertility. A tug-of-war was held to symbolize the struggle between Winter and Summer -- Winter won -- all players were given prizes of trinkets. Garlands dressed with multi-colored ribbons, fall flowers, and apples suspended from the top of the hoop, adorned celebration area. In Wales each person brought a vegetable adding to a boiling pot (cauldron?) all shared later. Prayers were said and a dance always closed the festival.

In some places, a manikin of corn husks was tossed into a pit then raised up and sprinkled with water for fertility. Some people chose a Harvest Queen who dressed in white with a yellow sash and paraded around the fields (or a doll was drawn in a cart). Corn husk babies, dressed in white with yellow sashes, were hung in homes for good luck/protection.

Today, with supermarkets and fast foods, we do not feel the same pinch of starvation, fear of poor harvest, nor joy and release of food stored safely in the larder. Science/Technology acts as our corn babies protecting against starvation and providing fertility to the fields. There are those who say a "fertility religion" has no place in the modern world. However, the Old Religion is not only a religion of physical fertility, but also a mystery religion--a religion of metaphysical fertility.

As the Wheel of the Year turns, so does the Spiral of the Soul; as we plant seed thoughts in Spring to harvest in Fall, we can celebrate both the physical and metaphysical with joy and thanksgiving for what is brought from the fruits of the Earth and the "Heavens."

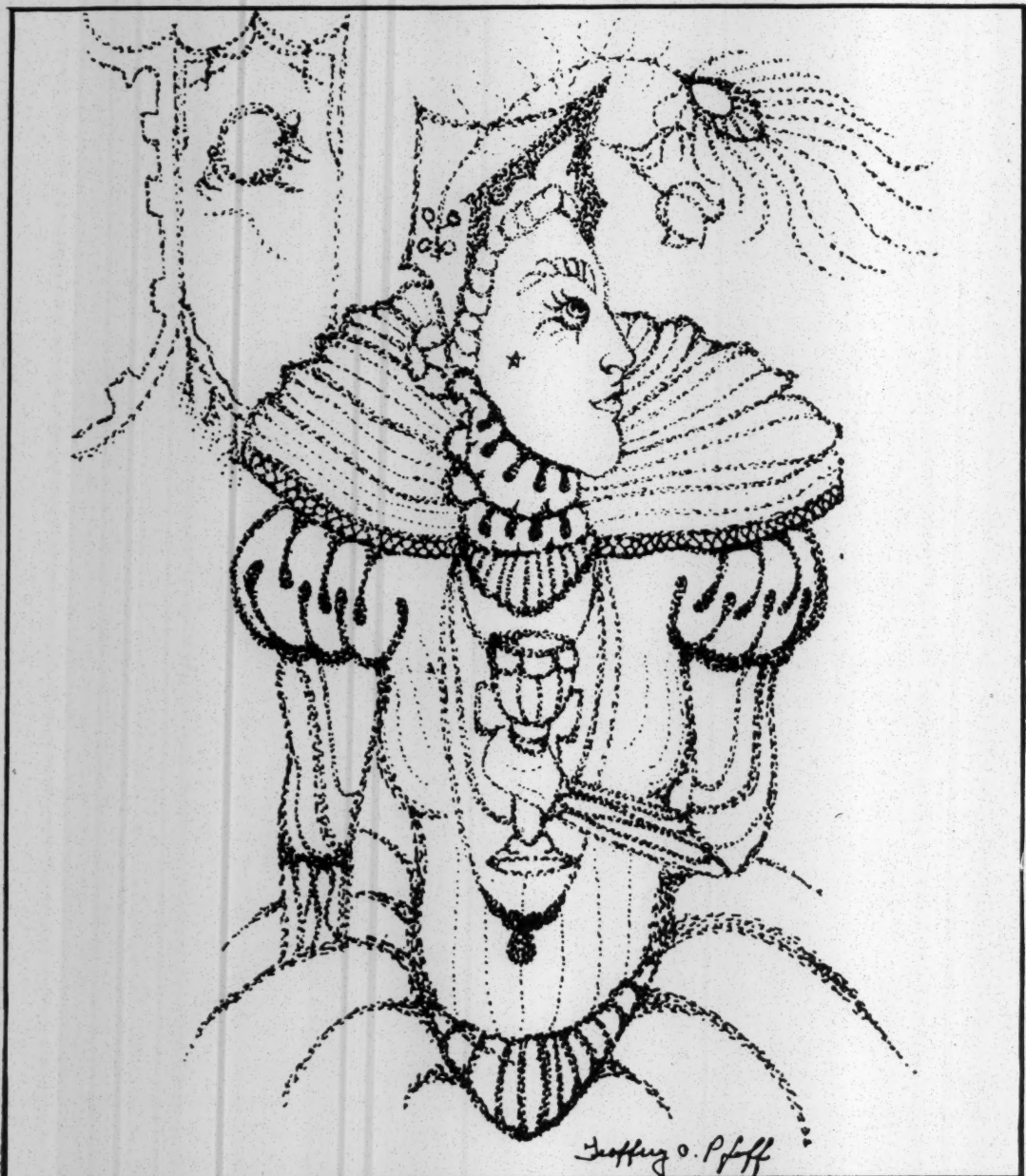
Lamas is the sacrifice of the Lord so the people can eat (might 5



live); it is also the promise of rebirth. On the physical plane, crops are harvested and born again as energy in our bodies; on the mental plane, old thoughts are sacrificed; new thoughts and consequences are harvested and born again as new ways (perhaps better?) of doing things. On the spiritual plane, the song of everlasting life, birth and rebirth, can be heard above the laments of the mourners and bring comfort. Joy and thanksgiving will never be outmoded nor unneeded at any time on this planet -- nor will a "fertility" religion, which lifts up its hands in Laughter and Love and Blessing to the Many, the Two, and the One in joy for the wonder that is Life of which we are all a part.

We, who would walk gently upon the Earth and with our fellow creatures, might well sing as our ancestors did:

We have ploughed, we have sowed,  
 We have reaped, we have mowed,  
 We have brought home every load,  
 Hip, Hip, Hip, Harvest Home!  
 (Whistler, 1947)





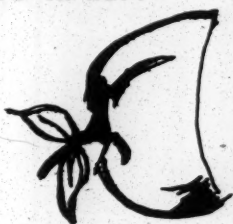
## Herbs 'n' Spices

COLTSFOOT root, when ground and desolved in water, is said to be a good medicine for the skin.

GOLDENSEAL will loosen up a tight chest--but always remember to use it sparingly and not consistently.

A lot of people probably know this one, but I always enjoy its repetition. You'll find a rather delightful surprise if you cut an apple in half on its side (short ways). It's the reason it's the Fruit of Wisdom, besides keeping the doctor away.

gyl



**\*\*HINTS FOR HEALTH\*\***

by Miguel

### VINEGAR


Vinegar has many helpful uses both internal and external. As a restorative drink and to dissolve arthritic deposits, MIX:

- \* 8-12 ounce glass of water WITH
- \* 1 tablespoon uncooked honey ADD,
- \* 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar.
- \* DRINK DAILY.


Externally, use vinegar to alleviate pain and reduce sprains. A cup or more in a bath will reduce muscle soreness and fatigue; also splash on to reduce fever.

### CLOVES

As well as an instant breath freshner when chewed whole, cloves can be ground and added to honey as a sedative--or added to your tea to reduce nervousness.



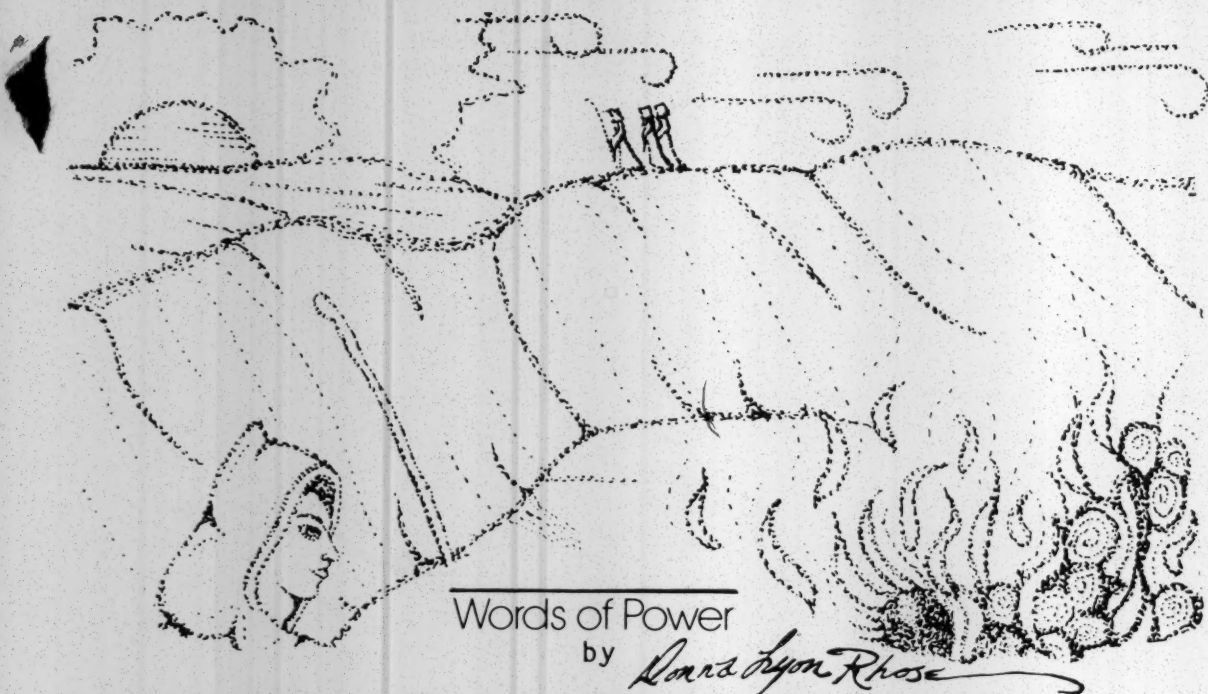
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\$4.50 single issue..... Blessed Be



## Words of Power

by

*Laura Lyon Rhoads*

Tones, sounds--it's recognized that they create vibrations and that patterns are formed. Chants are used to vibrate energy, to activate it so that it may be raised. But what of common language itself? Does it also have the capability to raise energy through an activation of vibrations?

Obviously, I am going to say 'yes' since that's exactly what I do when I perform my poetry. But, I am beginning to ponder precisely how it does. Also--why different poems (as well as chants) raise or call up different energies. And even though I feel I have some innate ability to choose words and sentence patterns that will activate various energies, there are parameters that words cannot exceed. At least, not without inventing new words. I am beginning to believe that ancient man took great and painful care as language was first being formed. If for no other reason, I feel this to be so because many words (especially descriptive words) sound like what they are trying to convey. Yet, I also feel the sounds of letters themselves produce vibrations that create subconscious responses. There are even sounds that when repeated properly and over and over will eventually unlock passages into the mind. It's the resonances, the vibrations that impress on the natural energy waves of the brain that causes a 'shift': the door opens.

The ancient poets were able to cause desired effects from their listeners. The choice of words, the tones of the poet's voice can create a hypnotic effect, I think especially by using more open and expansive sounds that slowly build power. To create excitement and attention, such as in an address before battle, one would utilize clicking, quick and closed staccato words that would probably be spoken quickly and forcefully.

There are times that I listen to the radio or television and shut out the meaning of the words and merely note the sounds I am hearing. Even noting the pace of the speaker and their loudness can display keys to some subconscious signals along with the word tones themselves. Taking the time to go over words, listening to their sounds without meaning, trying to get just a pure emotional response from oneself can be a very surprising experience; it is also good to play with the word by elongating it and giving various expressions to it. Elongating a word's especially good for bringing out many of the characteristics of a word in a clearer light.

8 It is a good way to really hear what tones are being put together.



If one puts oneself in a meditative stance when intoning an elongated word, this too, will help one to find out the subconscious responses inherent in the word.

Can thoughts be enclosed in words? I guess in some ways I'm trying to say 'reading between the lines'--wherein a person goes around their message, hinting and inferring. I know I do this quite a bit; yet, I am also attempting to go a tad further than that. That a person who is adept can encase messages within words--or sentences, that are exposed or released to the listener or reader via tonal keys. I know to some this may sound like a very odd suggestion--but I'm beginning to realize some people are very fine 'key-droppers'. Many times it is innate, and it can be developed through a need to keep knowledge from exposure.

So, how could one test the truth of my words? If you suspect a piece of written work, a speaker, a play of doing so--before reading or listening; meditate. Then, read or listen in a light meditative state. Now, don't deliberately try to reason out what 'may' be being said. Simply allow for response and be perceptive of what it makes you think of. Later, sit down and write out your perceptions--were there things communicated that were far deeper than the surface words and even their suggestions? I really think, in time (and it will take time) you will be in for a very big surprise.

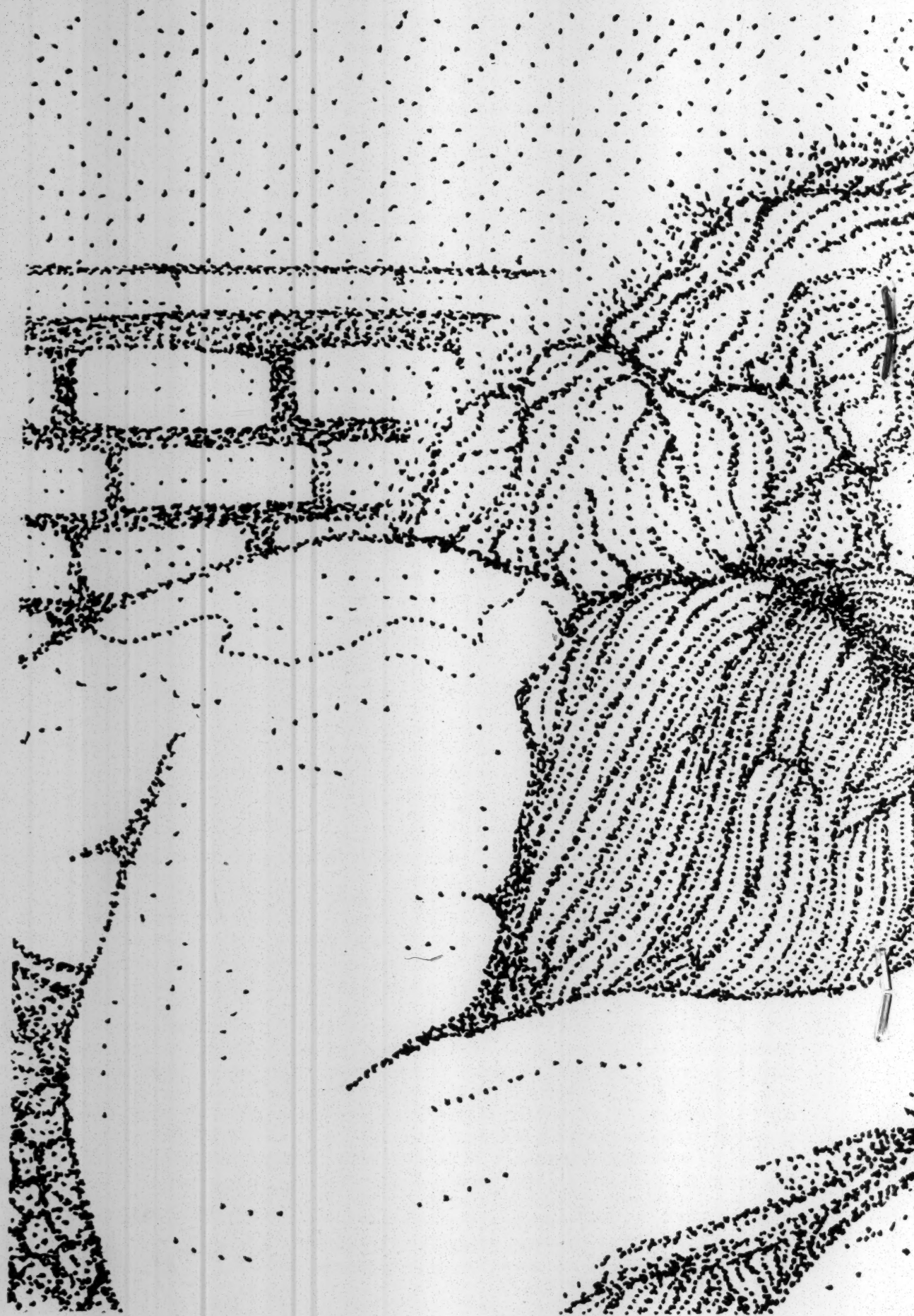
It was believed by the ancients that naming a thing was to control it and influence it. By vibrating energy through sound, one imprints upon the object a sort of seal. Naming a child at birth makes it one's own, linking it to the material world, making it a part of the material world lest it return to the spirit. When one becomes involved on a mystical level, the true manner of naming becomes apparent. Personal mantras and sacred self names that one vibrates and integrates into one's own natural energy field (aura) become a key to the self. It can become a way to emerge with the Self and cause knowledge to emerge by meditating and intoning the mantra or name. By sharing one's name--one can interconnect on a soul level with another. However, herein also lies danger and one must be capable of changing this name and inner vibration upon need. One must also take great pains to be certain of the person they intend to share their vibrations with, because it also gives them a truly strong means of calling you and entering into your vibrations which can be both a tremendous binding and a tremendous shattering.

The last thing I wish to discuss in this article is a basic approach to everything I have relayed above. Something that can never be reiterated enough: PROTECT YOUR VIBRATIONS, energy field (aura) by surrounding yourself with the cosmic white light (God, Goddess, Holy Spirit, Higher Self, whatever) and "KNOW" you are shielded. Be positive and believe in your inner impressions. Not all the messages within words will be beneficial, nor are all teachers wise. I feel that if I have given you keys to unlock some subtle doors, I must also pause and bear you warning so that what you find will truly be usable to you. If you can begin to see words, language, intonations as sacred, remember that on that level they must always be treated as such.

Let me recommend possible writings with subliminal twists that may come through in a light meditation:

The White Goddess, Robert Graves  
Mabinogian Series, Evangeline Walton  
Mists of Avalon, Marion Zimmer Bradley  
Thorns of the Blood Rose, Victor Anderson  
Tiny Alice, Edward Albee  
The High Kings, Joy Chant  
Dune, Frank Hubert









Anthony Phillips 81

# Keeping Watch

by Jaime Redwing

As Heather rose from her chair and moved around to the front of her desk, she was aware of the video cameras swiveling in their mounts to follow her every movement. As she opened the text, she knew that one of them zoomed in on the very page she had opened the book to. She managed to keep her hands from shaking as she began the class.

The students never seemed to be aware of being watched. They either listened to her with rapt attention, or dozed, or shot spitwads as students, since time immemorial, have done. Heather assigned work to be done on their individual terminals and returned to her desk to finish grading some papers.

Bobby Murphy, a red-haired, blue-eyed bundle of energy, was squirming in his chair as he worked at his terminal. Failing to attract Heather's attention, he called out, "Miss McCallum?"

"Yes, Bobby?"

"What is a dinosaur?" His eyes were gleaming as if he knew the answer to the question already and couldn't wait for Heather to confirm it.

Heather was alarmed, not only because dinosaurs were a forbidden subject in the lesson plan, but also because Bobby's father was the regional head of the Watchmen organization, one of whom was observing the classroom that very moment through the video cameras.

"Bobby, dinosaurs are not mentioned in your Approved Study Text. Where did you hear of them?" Answering the question with a question was the best way she could think of to stall for time until she could think of the acceptable response.

"I found an old plastic toy dinosaur in our yard when I was diggin' in the dirt. I didn't know what it was, so I asked old man Jenkins next door. He said it was a dinosaur, so I asked him what that was, and he wouldn't tell me. He looked scared that someone might hear us talking. How come?" Bobby insisted.

"Probably because he knows that dinosaurs are not a suitable subject for young boys, Bobby. If you must know, dinosaurs do not exist, nor have they ever existed. People have found skeletons of giant creatures, and bad men have said that they existed thousands of years ago. Those bad men were trying to prove that the Bible's account of creation was wrong. Now, we know that the bones we called dinosaurs were placed there in the ground by God to test our faith."

"Now, Bobby, will you please return to the assignment I gave you earlier?"

Bobby plunked down into his seat and reluctantly returned to his terminal. Heather breathed a sigh of relief. 'Surely the Watchmen would find no fault with that answer,' she thought, 'I won't have to worry.'

\*\*\*

In a dark control room in another part of the Hillman Park School, a Watchman turned down the volume control on a monitor and reached for the telephone. He dispatched two men to search Heather McCallum's home before he signaled his partner to take over the monitor while he went down to Miss McCallum's classroom.

Heather walked home from school with a heavy tread. Her mind kept playing back the conversation with the Watchman over and over, looking for some error in wording or lack of conviction in her tone. She could find none. The Watchman had assured her that this was only a routine questioning but she felt that he had been trying to catch her



out in some way.

The moment she walked in the door, a creepy feeling went down her spine and warned her that her house had been entered. She looked around, at first seeing nothing out of the ordinary, until she noticed that the contents of the trash bin beside her desk were rearranged. She knew that in the morning, before she went to school, she had opened her mail from the day before and that she had thrown away a brightly colored brochure from a department store. It had been on the top of the bin when she left home. Scrounging through the basket, she found the brochure near the bottom. Everything in the wastebasket had been examined. Crumpled balls of typewritten paper had all been smoothed out. A poem she had written and then torn into bits and pieces in frustration had been taped back together.

As she looked around the room, she found that books had been removed from the shelves and put back in the wrong order. Baskets and drawers had been opened, their contents shuffled through, then closed again.

Shaking with fear, Heather sat down in a wingbacked chair and stared at the carpet in front of her. The Watchmen had searched her home, and the only possible thing that could have made them suspect her was her answer to Bobby's question.

Or so she thought.

\*\*\*

Two miles away from the edge of town, and two miles below the surface of Mount Gregory, a different kind of classroom had been assembled in a musty cave. There were no viewboards, computer terminals, or books on microfiche. Instead there was an old fashioned blackboard and chalk, colored maps of the world, and--wonder of wonders--real paper books. The students sat at tables made of plywood with sawhorse supports and wrote out their lessons in longhand instead of using a keyboard. Sometimes they complained about the inconvenience, but most of the time, the difference was a delightful novelty, like getting a drink of water from a well.

The lesson plan was novel here as well. There was no state-approved lesson plan with built-in censorship to conform to the state religion. Here, the teachers taught not only what they personally considered to be the truth, but also any alternate theories that had facts to support them. They allowed the students to decide for themselves what they believed after giving them access to the facts and the skills to weigh those facts.

This was the Rebel School

The Watchmen had no clue to its existence. It was a secret that lives had been sacrificed for. The children, who were its students, went to the state schools in the daytime and never revealed to their playmates that they attended the secret school at night. To do so might endanger the lives of their parents.

The children had been taught that they were the hope of future generations, that they alone could keep science alive, that only they would have studied an uncensored history of the world. It was hoped that they could prevent the New Crusades that the rebels felt would eventually disrupt the world.

On this night, a classroom full of expectant students waited for their teacher, but Heather McCallum never appeared. When she was thirty minutes late, the class monitor went down the tunnel to another classroom where he reported to David Ross.

David left his class to hear what the young man said privately, thought for a moment, and then went back to his class.

"This is an emergency. There may be a security problem. I want you all to follow the plan for Operation Fade-Away. Remember, you

must leave the cave in small groups. As you enter town from different directions, you must linger in the empty lots and playgrounds and play. Slowly filter back home. Tell your parents immediately what's up. Then lay low until you hear from us. Do not come back to school tomorrow night. Repeat, do not!" He went down the tunnel to Heather's class and repeated the same instructions before slipping out of the tunnel into a larger one and so on out of the cave.

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Heather's house was dark with the single exception of the front porch light. If there had been an additional light in the living room, David would have known that Heather was there but afraid to receive visitors because she might be under suspicion. Since there was only the porch light, the signal meant that Heather had gone to the rendezvous to wait for help.

He found her there, in a child's treehouse behind a vacant home. The rendezvous changed from week-to-week, and at first, he mistakenly thought she would be waiting in a barn on another road. "No, no, that was last week," he told himself. He shinnied his way up the rope to the trapdoor in the floor of the treehouse and whispered to her.

"Oh, David! Thank you for coming so quickly. I was scared to death!" She whispered as she helped him through the trapway.

"What happened?" He asked as he settled down on the floor of the treehouse.

She explained about the incident at school. "David, I was so sure that I had said just exactly what they would have approved! It never dawned on me that they would suspect me enough to search the house. The Watchman on duty did a routine questioning, and I thought he was satisfied. Then I came home. It scares me to think that if I hadn't felt that little tug of warning, I would never have noticed that things were out of place until it was too late."

"Was there anything incriminating lying about?"

"No, I don't think so, but you know how the Watchmen are! It's like the Salem witch trials all over again. They could haul me off to jail for scratching my nose too often!"

David glanced toward the window, "Can you see your house from here?"

"Yes, I was watching for you before. Why? Do you think they might come back?"

"--Or, be lurking in the shadows waiting for you to come home. Either way, it's no good."

David shifted his position carefully in the tight space, moving closer to the window. "Damn! There's a van pulled up out front of your house and four men are heading for your door. Heather, I think they've come to get you. They're not even trying to sneak in. It looks official."

Heather moved over to see for herself, "Gosh, they're leaving in a hurry! They know I've left the house. It's like a pack of hounds on a scent!"

The four men stopped near the back bumper of the van for a consultation. One of them pointed down the street in the direction of Heather's closest friend's house.

"Oh, my God! Do you think they know about Annie?"

"Heather, you know how closely they examine the lives of their teachers. You had to pass a very strict security clearance before they would license you to teach. Do you think they ever stopped investigating you? Of course, they know about Annie. You've never hidden your friendship with her."

"But David, what if they question her?"

14 "If they do, she'll be prepared for it just as you would be if the



tables were turned. She can take care of herself. You've got to get out of here, Heather. We can't wait another minute. They'll be combing the neighborhood for you before long. Let's go! NOW!"

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Continued next issue.



I am the scribe  
 and well I know the law.  
 It is my legacy  
 to write it--  
 as a child writes his alphabet  
 dutifully--  
 with the purpose of  
 knowing,  
 growing,  
 and in a small cold moment . . .  
 Dying.

M. Carroll

Points of pleasure mixed with pain.  
 These are the gentlest kind.  
 Melancholy grief again.  
 A precious cruel find.

Metronomic thoughts unwind  
 In metered rhythmic rhyme.  
 Twisted echoes of the mind  
 Caress a pantomime.

Gentler features contraband.  
 Bind a martyred soul.  
 Terror grips a tempered hand.  
 Gales begin to blow.

Hurricane my troubled friend;  
 Ally in despair.  
 Peaceful do you seem to me  
 When I at times compare.

M. Carroll



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## The Dragon's Neck

From Bear Point I look  
 South--  
 I see to the shoulder of the dragon,  
 often venturous.  
 I seek the living serpent,  
 the current,  
 the water which flows  
 over her scales.

Upon her neck,  
 Spiney, rocky  
 hidden--  
 a ledge--  
 looking down on  
 a man-made well,  
 a fire well  
 the mouth of the dragon.

Her eyes,  
 two clefts, deep--  
 dark.  
 seeing and knowing.  
 out of her bosom  
 life itself.

Crystal, 85



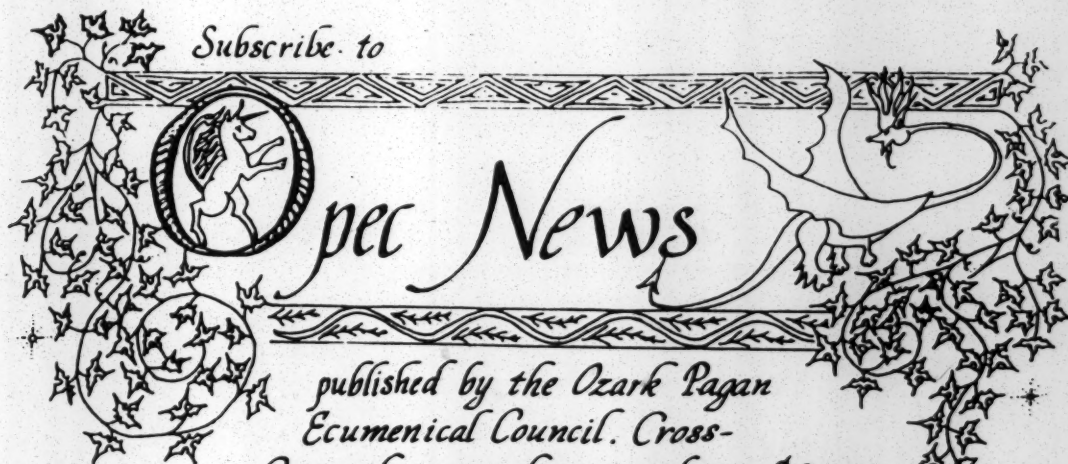
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We are always open to exchanging ad for ad. We are also very open to networking and would appreciate news to both further our contacts and help us extend contacts to others.

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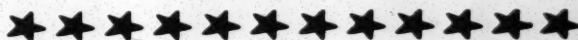
Donna Lyon Rhose  
Seasonal Silver  
P.O. Box 189  
Alpharetta, Georgia 30201



Requests for artwork done by artists in this magazine may be sent to Seasonal Silver. These are fine graphic artists who would be happy to discuss possible commissions. PM does lovely paintings and photography, and does layout and design professionally. Geoffrey and Arion do mainly pen and ink drawings with some design and illustration in their backgrounds.

Future ads will be as follows: 10¢ per word, \$5 quarter page, \$10 half page, \$20 full page. All announcements for upcoming events will always be free.

Anyone wishing to send creative contributions: send a SASE for reply. Type literature in order to avoid any confusion. With graphics, avoid delicate pieces as they are difficult to reproduce. At this time we are unable to reproduce photography.



Sitting alone here,  
gathering thoughts  
Smelling the air  
enjoying the sunshine  
the quiet.  
You command such a part of me  
as I command you.  
We build this our place  
our refuge.

This place we have  
Side-by-Side  
Man-to-Man  
Knowledge of each other's  
every feeling  
Separate briefly only.  
Our place is as one  
the Circle is complete.



Miguel

Printing, Somerset Press

**Seasonal**  
**Silver**

P.O. Box 189  
Alpharetta, Ga. 30201





Donna Lyon Rhoads

Seasonal  
Silver

P.O. Box 189  
Alpharetta, Ga. 30201



Sept 12, 1985

Dear Margot,

'Seasonal Silver' is a seasonal magazine, \$2.00 per issue and for \$8.00 per year. Checks need to be payable to Dorothy C. Pfaff who is the publisher, P.O. Box 189, Alpharetta, GA 30201. Please list as publication.

The purpose of the magazine is to express a love of Nature and a basically humanitarian point of view. Though the magazine is not exclusively Pagan, it does have a decidedly Pagan/Wiccan slant. The editor, myself, is personally rather Goddess oriented, so I realize the influence is going to move in that direction. However, the magazine is dedicated to the idea that whatever our beliefs, our gender, our color, our sexual preference, or whatever makes us unique individual human beings, we 'can' get along and love each other. And we 'can' love and respect Her: our Mother, the Earth.

Thank-you very much for your interest and I hope I have given the information that you need.

Blessed Be,

Donna Lyon Rhoads